

and if you saw my love, you'd love her too by milevenmirkwood

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Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven & Mike Wheeler, Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Joyce Byers/ Jim "Chief" Hopper (implied)

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Summary:

The day every father dreads; their daughter's first crush.

and if you saw my love, you'd love her too

"What?" Mike asked with a 'I can't stay mad at you smile' for the fourth time that night.

"Nothing." El said, all too casually. They both stood side by side brushing their teeth for bed.

"El you've been looking like that all day."

"Like what?"

"Like you have a secret you want to tell me."

"I don't know what you're talking about." she said, still smirking.

"Oh whatever. You've been walking around like..." Mike then clasped his hands behind his back, walking across the bathroom merrily, taking a few beats to like a El with a knowing smile.

"I didn't not look like that." she said, smiling widely.

"You totally did." Mike said.

"El friends don't lie." Mike teased, remembering all the times she guilted him into telling things he'd rather not.

"You're not my friend. You're my husband." she said, full on smiling.

Mike gasped and placed his left hand over his heart, acting hurt.

"Ouch Mrs. Wheeler. That hurts."

They both chuckled, turning on the faucet to rinse off their toothbrushes.

"Jane's got a crush." El stated.

Mike chuckled and took a sip of water. Then the words set it.

"Wait what?" he asked.

"Jane has a crush."

"Wha-She can't!" Mike said in shock.

"Mike she's thirteen."

"Too young! Oh my god. She told you she has a crush?"

"She didn't tell me. I could just tell." El said, putting away her toothbrush and walking out the bathroom.

Mike put away his own toothbrush and switched off the bathroom light.

"Who is it? No I don't wanna know. Yes I do. Who is it?" Mike argued.

El giggled, pulling her long chestnut brown hair into a bun.

"Seriously Mike?"

He gave her a questioning look.

"Justin." she said as if it were the most obvious thing in the world.

"Oh God!" Mike said, plopping down on the bed next to her.

Mike never felt so stupid in his life, realizing all the times he left Justin and Jane alone, inviting him to dinner, letting her sleepover his house and vice versa (in separate rooms).

"Baby it's really not that big of a deal. It's just a crush." El said, affectionately rubbing his back.

"But what if it isn't? What if she really, really likes him? Head over heels and then one day he wakes up and treats her like she's nothing?" Mike said, playing with a loose string on the comforter.

"Mike we can't stop her from getting her heart broken."

"I know, I know. It's just-"

"I understand." she whispers.

"Well we won't have to worry about Richie. If he looks anything like his daddy, he'll be the heartbreaker." El offered.

Mike smiles and looks at El over his shoulder. She sits up and slides

behind him, knees on opposite sides of him. Wrapping her arms around his middle, they both relax in the embrace. They stayed like that for a while, Mike's foot falling asleep.

"Let's get to bed." he said finally.

El slid back and turned off her bedside lamp. Mike turned off his side's and they laid to face each other as usual. After a while, El finally spoke up.

"Maybe he'll be her Mike?" she said, causing them both to chuckle.

It was a inside joke started by their friends. Mike and El were lucky enough to find each other at a young age, escaping the dating pool. Every now and then, one of the guys would say that they think they've found their El or in Will's case Mike (which caused the guys to snicker until Mike punched them in the arm). They eventually found their El's and Mike's; Dustin, a smart-mouthed red head whom they met soon after El's disappearance, Lucas, a spunky brunette in his ROTC class senior year of high school and Will, a guy named Kevin in his introduction to studio arts class.

"I don't know. Guys like me are pretty hard to come by." Mike joked.

"Yes they are." El said seriously.

Mike looked at her lovingly.

"Yeah?" he asked.

"Yeah. I don't know too many dummies that would jump off a cliff for their friends."

"Well I don't know too many Eggo loving, telekinetic girls."

They both chuckled. Mike wrapped an arm around her, bringing her closer. Their lips met, sparks flying like the first time even after all these years. Mike deepened the kiss, leaning forward to roll El on her back.

"Mm! Mm! No so fast. We have to be up early." she said between kisses.

"I can be fast." Mike said, trailing kisses down her neck.

"You don't have to tell me." she joked. Mike pulled away quickly and leaned in so close their noses touched.

"What the hell is your problem?" he asked, smiling and eyes twinkling.

"I-Ah!" El screeched as Mike tickled her sides.

"What was that?" he asked, tickling her harder.

"Mike! Stop it!" she said between laughter.

Suddenly Mike was thrown back, legs tucked underneath him, upper half pinned down by the foot of the bed.

El loomed over him with a smirk.

"Nice try Wheeler."

"Ow ow honey my back." Mike complained and El immediately stopped.

"Crap! Sorry sorry!" she said.

"We're certainly not 12 anymore." Mike joked. He laid back down with El cuddled up at his side.

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At 7:45 on the dot, the front door opened. Justin strolled in, t-shirt and jeans with a backwards cap over his messy blonde hair.

"Hey Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler. What's up Richie?" he said with a bright smile, making his way into the kitchen and fist bumping the nine year old black haired boy.

"Hi Justin. Jane's still getting getting ready, but are you hungry?" El offered.

"Sure Mrs. W!" he said, taking a seat at the table and grabbing an Eggo off the stack.

Mike stopped sipping his coffee, a habit he picked up during long study sessions at MIT. He eyed the boy up and down.

"How are you, Justin?" he said, a certain tightness in his voice.

"Good Mr. Wheeler. How bout yourself?"

"Good. We're all good, aren't we?"

Though Mike's hand was steady, the coffee cup wobbled and spilled a

little on his corduroys. He winced and shot a look at El, how was innocently packing Richie's lunchbox.

"Yes sir?"

"And you and Jane are good? Good friends?" Mike asked, taking a bite of his bacon.

"Yes sir! Jane's really cool."

"Mike honey isn't it time for you to be heading to work?" El asked, smile a little too tight.

"No hon I've got plenty of time. Plus I'm having a nice chat with Justin."

El made her way over to Mike and planted a kiss on his cheek, much to Mike's surprise.

"Jane! Come on you're gonna be late!" El yelled close to Mike's ear.

"Coming!"

"Richie finish your oatmeal." El reprimanded, looking at Richie.

"I will. Mom did you pack me a cookie?"

"Yes."

"Now mom I know I said a cookie, but I really mean at least four."

"Richie you are not getting four cookies."

"Mom!" he whined.

"Finish your oatmeal. Now Justin-" Mike started.

Thunderous steps interrupted them as Jane made her way downstairs. She entered the kitchen, long chestnut hair in a side braid wearing a simple white skirt and pale purple sweater.

"Sorry! Someone hid my social studies binder!" she said, glaring at Richie.

"Hey Jane." Justin said, standing quickly.

"Hi Justin." she breathed.

The two just smiled at each other for a while, forgetting the others in the room. Geez how did Mike not realize before?

"Come on you two. You're gonna be late." El said, handing Jane an Eggo and an apple.

"No I was just getting to know Justin." Mike stood and roughly

clapped Justin on the back.

Jane frowned in confusion. Her eyes went from Justin's panicked face, to Mike's narrowing eyes to El's total avoidance. Realization came over her.

"Mooooooooooooom!" Jane whined.

"Jane-"

"Ugh forget it! Let's go Justin." she said, pulling him along and out of the door.

Mike turned to El only to be shocked by the cookie jar floating in mid air. El placed her hands on her hips and stared pointedly at Richie. The jar fell to the ground with a crash.

"Woah did you guys see that?!" he asked, acting innocent.

"Richie!"

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"What was that about?" Justin asked, walking side by side with Jane.

"Ugh my dad is just so...ugh! I can't tell my mom anything! Her and my dad are like best friends. Telling each other everything." Jane complained.

"That sucks. Well you know, if you wanna talk-"

"No no no! No." Jane said quickly

"Why not?" he asked, bumping his shoulder with hers.

"Cause...it's girl stuff."

"Girl stuff, huh?"

"Yes!"

"You know, my brother says girls just say girl stuff to get out of talking."

"Oh yeah?" she stopped walking to face him.

"Yeah." he said, getting closer.

Jane's eyes widened, cheeks flushing.

"Are you okay, Jane?" Justin asked.

"Girl stuff!" she exclaimed, walking away quickly.

Justin shook his head before following her.

Epilogue:

Hopper and Mike sat side by side, beers in hand, on the backyard deck. Mike smiled at the sight; El and Jane dancing around with sparklers while Richie was lighting snakes. Hopper looked over at his

son-in-law with content. He never really had a problem with the Wheeler boy, always a good kid with good intentions. And, as much as he hated to admit it, he didn't mind the boy. Moments like this, where they just sat in silence. The two didn't have much in common besides their family. Or so they thought.

The blonde haired boy, Hopper couldn't recall his name, walked up to Jane and offered her a cupcake. His granddaughter smiled, accepting the cupcake only for the boy to press it lightly to her face. Jane's mouth opened in shock and started to chase after the boy.

Hopper heard Mike grunt and looked over at the boy. Mike's eyes narrowed and Hopper followed his eyes to the two.

"You okay Wheeler?" Hopper asked before taking a gulp of his beer.

"Yeah it's just Jane... Growing up." Mike said.

Justin, who had been hiding behind a tree, snuck up on Jane and wrapped his arms around her waist. Jane squealed in delight, turning to hit him lightly on the chest.

Hopper was alert instantly. He started to get up only to be pushed back by an invisible force. Looking around, he saw his Ellie giving him a look before turning her attention back on her conversation with Joyce.

"How did you do it, sir? With El growing up and stuff?" Mike asked, taking a sip of his own beer.

"Well I know my Ellie can handle herself." Hopper said with a smirk.

"And Jane can too. She doesn't have Ellie's gift, but she's tough."

Mike nodded, not taking his eyes off the two. Justin was now wiping frosting off her face and Jane stood proudly, arms crossed.

"And I..." Hopper trailed off, taking a particularly large gulp of his beer. "I know that my Ellie's happy and she has someone that'll never hurt her. You'll learn, who's good for her and who isn't." Hopper finished.

The two sat in silence again for a while until Mike realized something.

"So are you saying I'm perfect for El?" he teased. Hopper finished his beer before rising from his seat.

"Believe me Wheeler, you'd know if I didn't think you we're perfect for her."

The smirk on Mike's face fell, transferring over to Hopper's.

"You want another one, boy?"

Author's Note:

This was in my Mileven folder for a while and I finally finished it! It was just a cute thought. Like Mike's always been like "I love El more than anything and would never hurt her. Why does Hop still hate me?" and then he finally understands why Hop will never truly like him. Also I named their daughter after El's real name(I don't really like El being called Jane or even Eleven), but I figured El would name her daughter Jane for her real mother. And I named their son after Finn's character from It (which I've been meaning to read!)

Let me know what you think!